

[W. H. Martin]

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Range-lore

Ruby Mosley

San Angelo, Texas.

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RANGE-LORE

"I've been a cowboy ever since I was a kid," says Mr. W. H. Martin of San Angelo, Texas.

"I was born near Austin 80 years ago, my father died before I was born but I had a mighty fine stepfather who was a rancher.

"Only a few weeks ago I was working out on a ranch; I ride and do most any thing the usual cowhand does but had to be brought in sick, guess I'm gettin' a little old for it now. C12 - 2/11/41 - Texas 2 "When I was 17 years old I worked for a company in Karr County that was formed by these ranchmen: Howard and Mack Henderson, Rufe and Will Peril, Dick Turknett, Bill Blevens and Sam Knott. They paid me \$75.00 per month. I was to cut out everything that didn't have the trail brand. Tom [Homesly?] owned a heap of trail herds and was the most outstanding to pass our way.

"Me and my step-brother would always miss some of the calves in the fall round-up and didn't get to brand them. Every one missed some on the range it was so large and wooded. The first one out in the spring could get the strays, round 'em and brand 'em. So

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this step-brother and me went out early to round-up some strays; we rode up on a hill to look around and saw a bunch of men and horses, then we saw two Indians ride off, leaving the other gang. We knew they were going to cut us off, so we loped off as fast as our corn fed horses could go and left them behind. They didn't get us nor did we get them.

"My brother was an overgrown boy fifteen years old but a man's size. He was scalped, I wont say by Indians. He was kinda hid out and the old Jay Hawkers were in after him to make him go to war. I think these Jay Hawkers scalped him. I never will think Indians did it. When my brother was caught and killed he had our dog with him. A little later these scouts came and spent the night at 3 our house and one of them recognized our dog that snarled and hated them. So we always thought they were guilty.

"I wandered around a bit, got married and in 1880 went to work for W. L. Gatlin, who had about 15,000 steers and handled them from this country to the Indian Territory. When they got real fat they were taken to Chicago or St. Louis. I never went on any of the trips. I broke horses; they never got too wild for me. I had as good a cuttin' horse as I ever rode. I named him West Dick; old man Gatlin paid \$100.00 for him when an ordinary horse wold for \$20.00 or \$30.00.

"I went from here to Brownfield- Singleton Ranch (The Saucer Box) [?] was the brand. My horse here was Brown Dick, and old turkey track horse. He was as good as any on the plains. One of Singleton's boys challenged me on his cutting horse to see whose was the best. We rode out to a big herd and I let him pick the cow. I went in with old Brown Dick and got him. I put that cow out against two of the men. So he gave in that Brown Dick ranked first in cuttin'.

"In 1900 I leased Tuscon Livestock Company in Nolan County and ran it myself six years. While I was there I took part in all livestock shows and Fairs. I always attended the Fat Stock Shows in Fort Worth. One time a bronc buster from Kansas was a-ridin' a mighty wild horse. He was thrown and killed. Old Booger Red 4 said, "Make up a purse and I'll

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ride him.' The men made up 35.00 and old Booger Red mounted the horse with his face to the horse's tail. He rode him; that was some of the prettiest ridin' I ever saw. Booger Red gave the \$35.00 to pay on the funeral expenses of the Kansas man. Another time I saw a beautiful ride when old Booger Red rode the wildest bronc that was brought to Fort Worth. He rode as the oldest woman rider from the San Angelo Country. He was clad in a woman's clothes and held a United States flag in each hand and balanced himself with these flags as the horse pawed the air. The crowd was going frantic as this was the most wonderful ride that any of them had ever seen. As the "old woman" got off the bronc, the rustles and bustles fell off. Then to every one's surprise the beautiful old lady was old Booger Red, known as the ugliest and toughest man of the west." Range-lore

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BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mr. W. H. Martin, San Angelo, Texas, interviewed, January 19, 1938.